



CAPTAIN

NO.
45

AMERICA

10¢

MAR. COMICS



IN THIS
ISSUE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

IN
**DYNAMOS
of DEATH**

A CITY PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS!!
MURDER AND
TERROR RUNNING RIOT
AS PLUNDERING HANDS
TEAR LOOT FROM TERRIFIED
VICTIMS WHOSE DEATH CRY
IS STILLED BY GLOWING
KILLERS WHO APPEAR FROM
OUT OF THE BLACK SHADOWS!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY
CRACK DOWN ON A MURDER-
OUS MOB OF HIGHWAYMEN
AND FOLLOW THEIR BLOODY
TRAIL IN AN EFFORT TO
TRACK DOWN THE
**SKELETONS
of GLOWING
DEATH!**



WE BEGIN OUR STORY BY LOOKING IN ON AS STRANGE A GATHERING OF THUGS AS EVER USED GUN, KNIFE OR LEADPIPE! AND ODDLY ENOUGH, ALL ARE WEARING LONG RAIN COATS BUTTONED TO THE NECK AND ALL ARE WITHOUT HATS ---



A group of men in raincoats are gathered in a room. One man in a blue raincoat is on the left, looking towards the center. In the center, three men are seated at a table, looking towards the right. On the right, a man in a blue raincoat is standing and looking back at them. A doorway in the background shows a figure walking away.

“OUGHTA BE DARK ENOUGH BY NOW!”

“THERE GOES THE PHONE! MUST BE THE BOSS!”

“QUIET, YOUSE GUYS!”



A man in a blue suit is shouting into a megaphone. Two other men are shown in a smaller inset, looking on with concern.

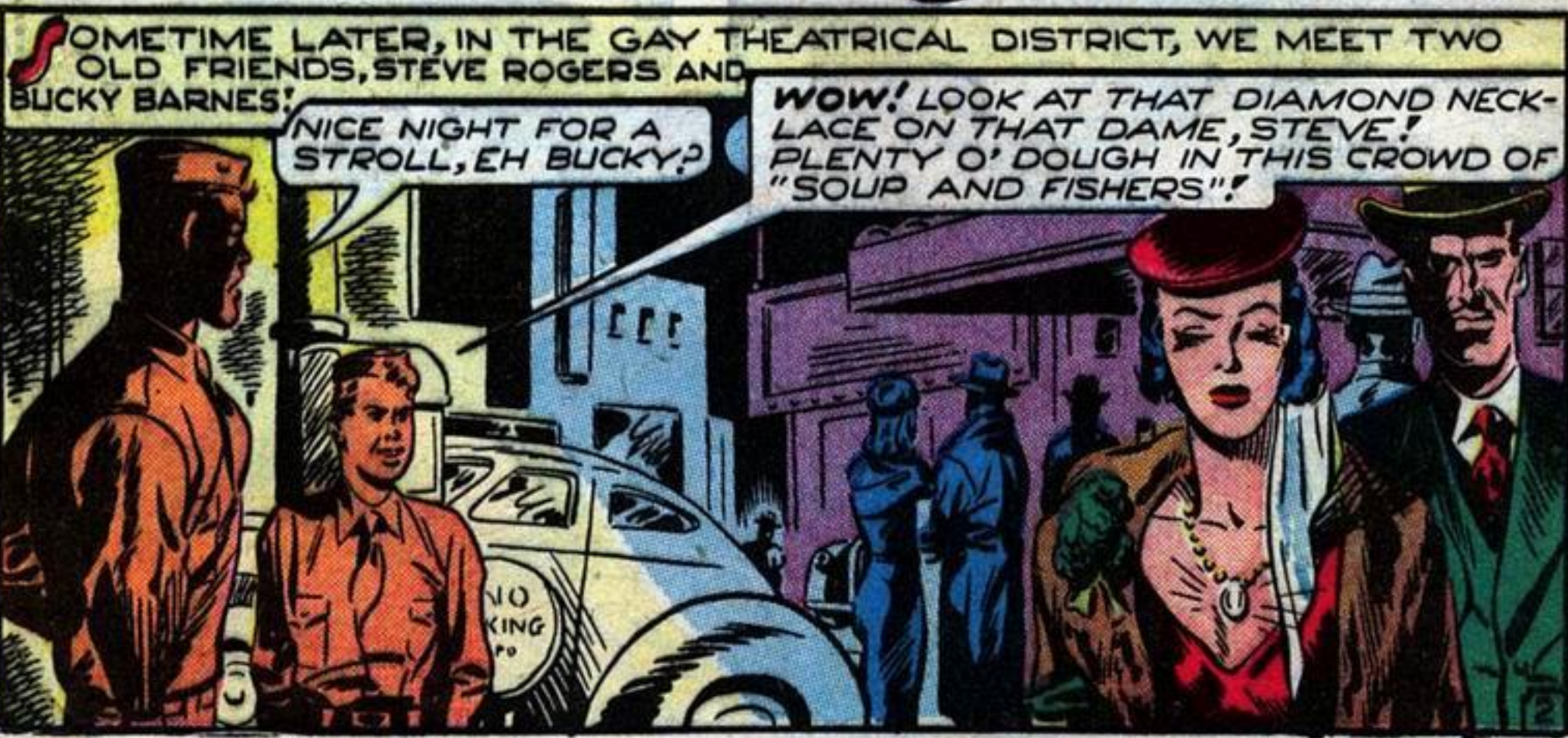
“TELL THE MEN TO POLISH OFF THE TRAFFIC COPS FIRST! AND NOT TO TAKE OFF THEIR COATS OR PUT ON THE HOODS UNTIL THE SIGNAL--”

“SURE! SURE CHIEF--”



A man in a blue suit is speaking to a group of men in raincoats. They are all looking at him with varying degrees of interest and skepticism.

“YOU HOID THE ORDERS! NOW GIT GOING TO YER STATIONS! REMEMBER, YOUSE GUYS ONLY GOT A COUPLA MINUTES TO GIT ALL YA CAN!”



Steve Rogers and Bucky Barnes are walking down a city street. Steve is looking at a woman in a red dress and a man in a green suit who are looking at each other. A car is visible in the background.

“SOMETIME LATER, IN THE GAY THEATRICAL DISTRICT, WE MEET TWO OLD FRIENDS, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES!”

“NICE NIGHT FOR A STROLL, EH BUCKY?”

“WOW! LOOK AT THAT DIAMOND NECKLACE ON THAT DAME, STEVE! PLENTY O’ DOUGH IN THIS CROWD OF ‘SOUP AND FISHERS’!”

AND THEN--SUDDENLY WILD DISORDER AND PANIC REIGNS AS THE BRIGHT LIGHTS ARE SNUFFED OUT AS IF BY A GIANT GHOSTLY HAND!



WHAT THE--??

LOOK! SKELETONS THAT GLOW IN THE DARK ALL AROUND US!

THE STACCATO BARK OF GUNS AND LETHAL ORANGE FLASHES CUT THE BLACKNESS TO MOW DOWN THE POLICE WHO RUSH UP!



GHOSTLY GLOWING FIGURES REAP A HARVEST OF MURDER AND ROBBERY AMONG THE TERRIFIED CROWDS HELPLESS IN THE DARKNESS!



HOWEVER, STEVE AND BUCKY RECOVER QUICKLY FROM THEIR AMAZEMENT AND FLARE INTO ACTION!

HEY! THAT ONE SMASHED THAT JEWELRY WINDOW!

PRETTY GOOD FOR A GHOST! LET'S GO!



HONK! HONK! HONK!

HONK

HELP

HELP

YOW!

THAT'S A PRETTY
HUMAN YELL FOR
A SKELETON, IF
YOU ASK ME!

OW!

ON YOUR FEET, MR.
GHOST! I WANT TO
GET A BETTER LOOK
AT YOU!---OH---OH---
ONE OF THEM CONK-
ED BUCKY!

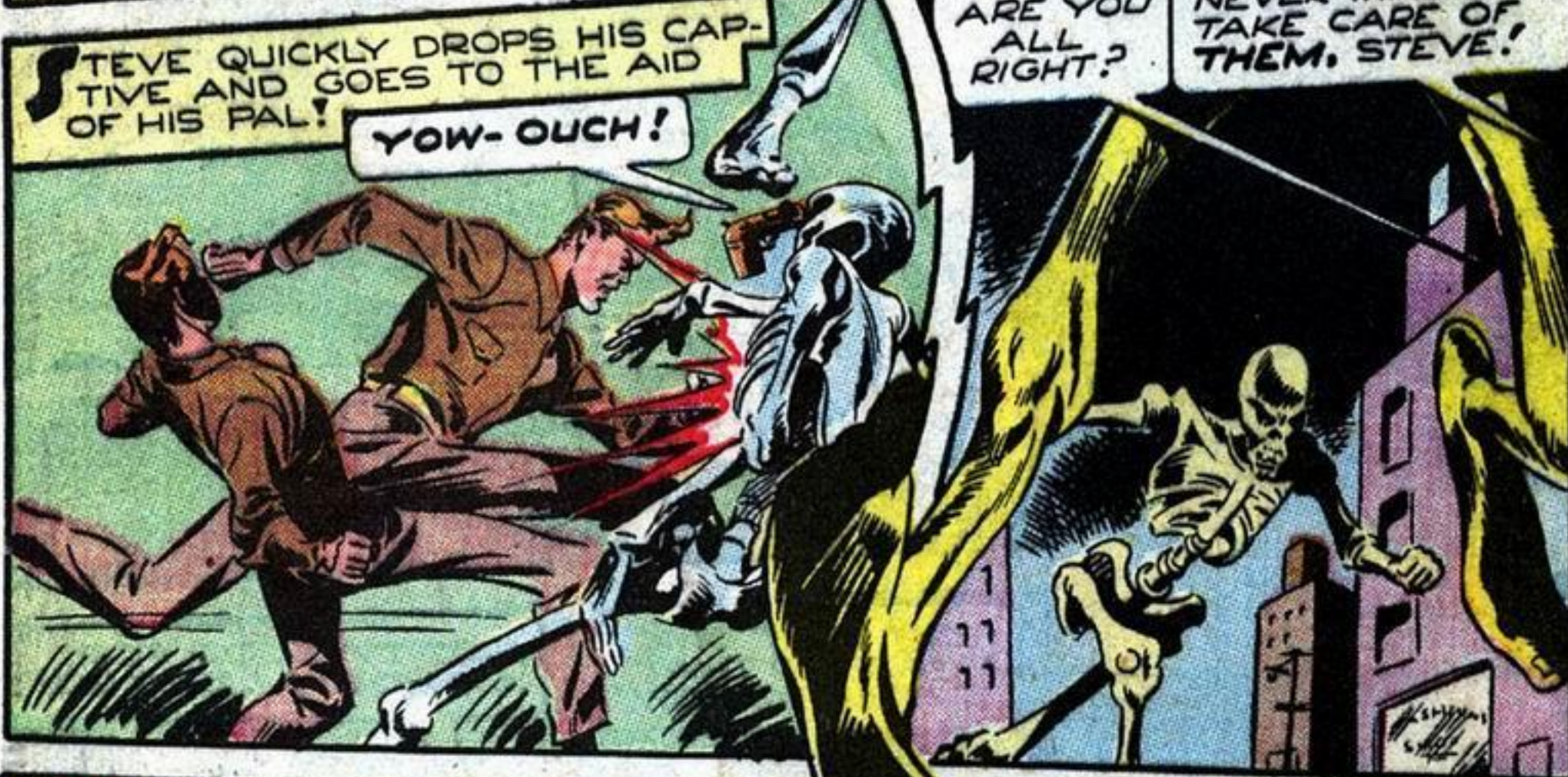


STEVE QUICKLY DROPS HIS CAP-
TIVE AND GOES TO THE AID
OF HIS PAL!

YOW- OUCH!

ARE YOU
ALL
RIGHT?

NEVER MIND ME!
TAKE CARE OF
THEM, STEVE!



SATISFIED THAT BUCKY IS O.K.---
STEVE RESUMES THE CHASE!

**OOPS! HEY! I'M BUMPING PEOPLE
IN THE DARKNESS!... THERE
THOSE GHOULS GO AROUND
THE CORNER!**



WITH A DESPERATE BURST OF SPEED, STEVE IS ALMOST UPON HIS QUARRY, WHEN ---

WHAT THE---??? THEY VANISHED IN THE DARK! RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES!

MOMENTS LATER, THE BRIGHT LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN AS SUDDENLY AND AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS THEY WENT OFF! AND A PONDERING STEVE ABRUPTLY INTERRUPTS BUCKY'S CHATTER -

GOSH! THEY KNOCKED OFF THREE COPS AND A COUPLA OTHER PEOPLE! EVERY JEWELRY STORE WAS CLEANED OUT! EVEN THE POCKETS OF THE PEDESTRIANS-- HEY!?

GOT IT!-LET'S GO!

O.K.! SO THEY WEREN'T JUST SKELETONS AND YOU FELT SOLID FLESH WHEN YOU BELTED THEM, SO WHAT?

SO CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS A HUNCH WHERE HE MAY BE ABLE TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE MURDERING RATS!

THE POWERHOUSE??

YES, LAD! SOMEONE SWITCHED OFF THE LIGHTS FROM IN THERE! IN WE GO!

CAP AND BUCKY DASH INTO THE POWERHOUSE-- TO COME UPON A HORRIBLE SCENE OF WANTON SLAUGHTER!

GOOD GOSH! THEY ARE ALL DEAD!

POOR FELLOWS WERE THE MAINTENANCE CREW IN CHARGE HERE!

THOSE MURDERING RATS BRUTALLY SLAUGHTERED THE POWERHOUSE CREW, SWITCHED OFF THE LIGHTS KNOWING THAT THOSE GLOWING SKELETONS WOULD HAVE AN EASY TIME OF IT IN THE RESULTING PANIC OF DARKNESS!

YEAH! BUT WHO SWITCHED THEM ON AGAIN AND WHY???

ONE OF THE KILLER GANG! PROBABLY THE LEADER HOPING TO ADD FURTHER TO THE MYSTERY AND CONFUSION!

LOOK! WE GOT COMPANY!

SINCE WHEN ARE YOU DUCKING COPS?

DON'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW WE'RE IN ON THIS! COME ON-- WE'LL WATCH FROM THE BALCONY!

HERE COMES THE SUPER-INTENDENT!

I CAME AS SOON AS I GOT YOUR CALL! THIS IS TERRIBLE! I SENT FOR ANOTHER MAINTENANCE CREW! BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES!

SOMETIME LATER, CAP AND BUCKY WATCH FROM HIGH ABOVE AS THE POLICE TAKE OVER AND REMOVE THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS!

I'LL SEE THE MAYOR, THAT'S WHAT! THIS NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HAD PAID ATTENTION TO MY REQUEST THAT WE KEEP A PERMANENT GUARD ON ALL POWERHOUSES!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! I'M PUTTING A GUARD OUTSIDE!

SO! NOW YOU'LL STATION A GUARD OUTSIDE, EH! AFTER MY MEN ARE MURDERED!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND YOU BETTER STAY HERE SO YOU CAN IDENTIFY THE NEW CREW, MY FRIEND! MY MEN WON'T LET ANYONE ELSE PAST!

THE POLICE CHIEF HAS GONE! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH THAT SUPERINTENDENT!

UH-UH! THEY MUST BE THE NEW GREW THE SUPER SENT FOR!

QUEER, ALL OF THEM WEARING THOSE LONG RAIN-COATS... AND WHAT'S THAT BLACK BAG---

UP TO MY OFFICE WITH THE BAG!

WONDER WHY THEY ARE SHUTTING THAT HEAVY STEEL DOOR?

SH! BACK! THEY ARE GOING TO PASS US!

AND WHEN CAP AND BUCKY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS SOME TIME LATER, IT IS ONLY TO FIND THEMSELVES LASHED TO A GIANT TURBINE WHEEL!

THE POLICE WOULD NEVER DREAM WE'D DARE REPEAT THE SAME STUNT! WE'LL GIVE THE OTHERS TIME TO GET THERE AND THEN BLACKOUT THE DISTRICT AGAIN!



HA-HA! THE BOYS WILL CLEAN UP AND WE'LL BE MILES AWAY BY THE TIME THE POLICE CAN BREAK THROUGH THE STEEL DOOR!



WHEN I PULL THE MAIN SWITCH, THE EMERGENCY DYNAMO WHICH YOU TWO ARE LASHED TO WILL START--AND MILLIONS OF VOLTS WILL BURN YOU TO A CRISP! HA-HA!



BUT CAP'S TRIGGER-MIND LEAPS TO THE EMERGENCY!

(GROAN) THERE THEY GO UP THE STEPS TO THE BALCONY WHERE THE MAIN SWITCH IS!

THAT CABLE ON THE GROUND LEADING TO THAT POWER POCKET... NOW I WONDER--



HEY! WHAT'S UP?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, LAD! JUST KEEP ROCKING THIS WHEEL IN RHYTHM WITH ME! WE MUST TRY TO TIP IT SO MY HEAD REACHES THE FLOOR!



STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE IN A DESPERATE EFFORT, CAP AND BUCKY MANAGE TO TILT THE HUGE WHEEL--AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY IT TURNS, BRINGING CAP'S HEAD NEARER THE CABLE--

UH!... MUST REACH IT BEFORE THEY PULL THE MAIN SWITCH--!



BUT BUCKY'S PREDICTION OF AN EASY VICTORY IS DOOMED FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE REST OF THE MURDEROUS MOB IS SLIPPING IN THRU A SIDE ENTRANCE!

THOSE DUMB COPS NEVER SAW US DUCK INTO THE ALLEY!

BETCHA WE SPLIT THIRTY GRAND APIECE!

HEY! THE BOSS IS IN TROUBLE!



GET THE POLICE, BUCKY-- WHILE I HOLD THESE RATS!

OH-OH! LOOK WHAT'S COMING!

CAPTAIN AMERICA IN THE HEAT OF THE BATTLE IS UNABLE TO WATCH THE WILY GANG LEADER----

MORE OF YOU RATS, EH? THAT ONLY ADDS TO THE FUN! **OOPS!**

LOOKOUT, CAP! IN BACK OF YOU!



AND WITH CAP K.O'D WHILE OFF-BALANCE BY A VICIOUS SWIPE OF A GUN-BUTT, BUCKY SOON GOES DOWN!

LIGH!

OUCH!



BELIEVING THEMSELVES ALONE AND SAFE FROM PRYING EYES AND COCKED EARS, THE MURDEROUS MOBSTERS GLOAT OVER THEIR HAUL AS THEY PASS THE SPOT WHERE CAP AND BUCKY ARE HIDING!!!

HA-HA! MONEY AND JEWELS! PRETTY GOOD FOR A STARTER!

WHEW! IT'S WARM IN THIS COAT!

THIS IS ONLY CHICKEN FEED! WE'LL REPEAT THE SAME STUNT ALL OVER THE CITY! THE POLICE WILL NEVER SUSPECT ME! WON'T KNOW WHERE WE STRIKE NEXT! AND WHEN WE CLEAN UP HERE, WE'LL MOVE ON TO OTHER CITIES!

WOW! SO THE SUPER IS THE LEADER OF THAT BUNCH OF MURDERING RATS!

YES! AND THOSE SKELETONS PAINTED IN LUMINOUS PAINT ON THE BLACK COSTUMES THE THUGS ARE WEARING EXPLAINS THE GLOWING GHOSTS! GET SET, LAD! WE ARE GOING INTO ACTION!

MAYBE THIS WILL KIND OF UPSET THOSE FINE PLANS!

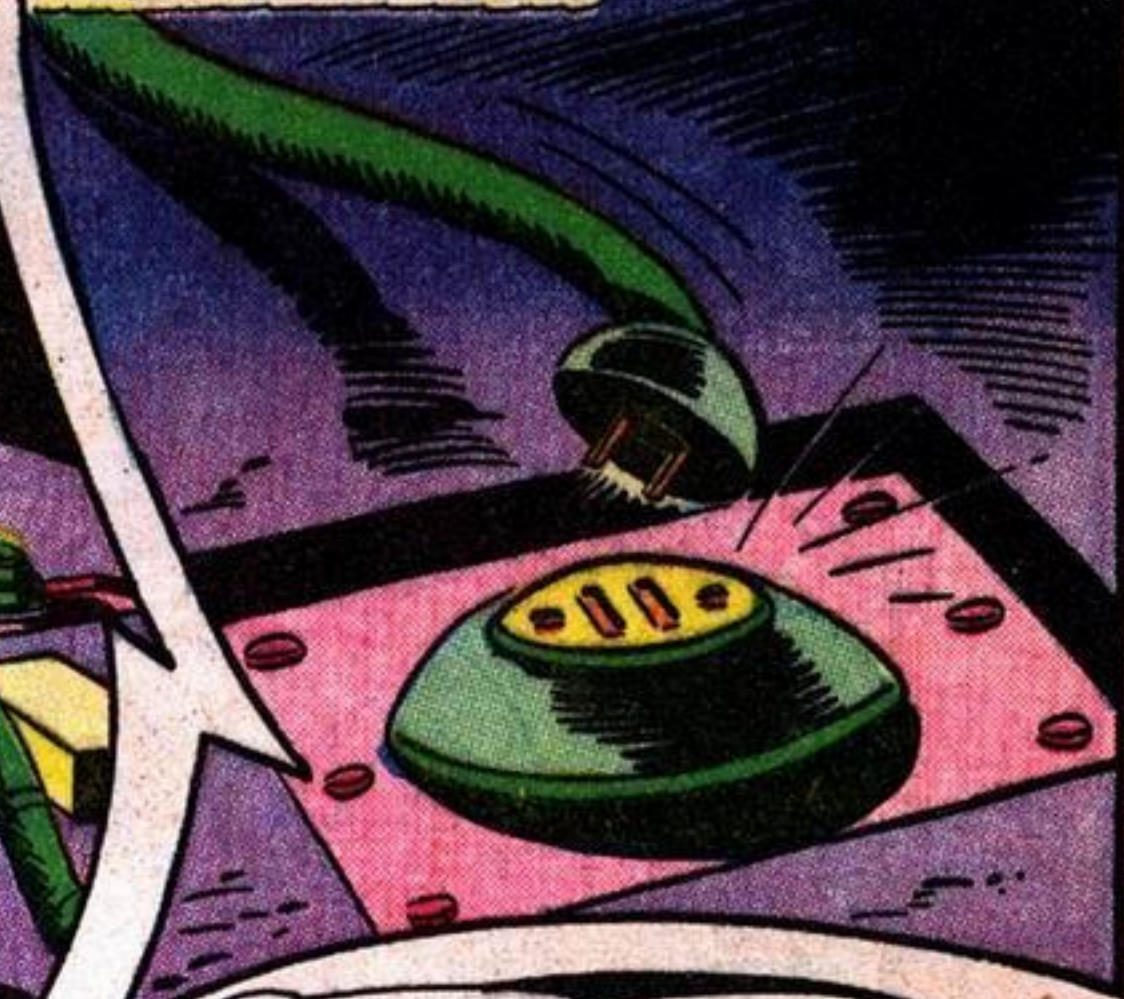
YOW!

WAHOO! CINCHEROO! ONLY FOUR RATS TO K.O.!

DON'T SHOOT! IT'LL BRING THE COPS!

WITH SPLIT SECONDS TO GO, CAP CLAMPS THE CABLE BETWEEN STEEL JAWS....

... AND WITH NECK MUSCLES BULGING, TWISTS HIS HEAD SHARPLY TEARING THE POWER CABLE LOOSE....



THE WEIGHT OF OUR BODIES GAVE US SLACK IN THE ROPES! GET BUSY, LAD!

THEIR DYNAMO DIDN'T START! C'MON!

OOPS! HERE THEY COME A-SHOOTIN'!

.... A FRACTION OF A SECOND BEFORE THE MOB LEADER PULLS THE MAIN SWITCH THAT WAS TO SEND MILLIONS OF VOLTS THRU THE BODIES OF CAP AND BUCKY....



GET UP THERE AND PUSH HOME THE MAIN SWITCH AGAIN! I'LL HANDLE THESE SNAKES!

YOW! OOF!



BUCKY PLUNGES HOME THE MAIN SWITCH, TURNING ON THE LIGHTS AGAIN IN THE THEATRICAL DISTRICT WHERE THE GLOWING SKELETONS ARE ABOUT TO MURDER AND PLUNDER...



WHILE BELOW, CAP HURLS THE GANG LEADER THRU THE AIR AT THE MOMENT THAT THE HUGE DYNAMOS THUNDER INTO LIFE AGAIN....

...AND MILLIONS OF VOLTS TEAR THRU THE MURDEROUS MOBSTER'S BLACKENED TORTURED FLESH...



LATER

WE GOT THESE RATS AS THEY RAN OUT THRU THE ALLEY! THE OTHERS WERE CAUGHT RED-HANDED IN THEIR SKELETON COSTUMES WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT ON AGAIN! THEY'LL "FRY" FOR THIS BUSINESS!

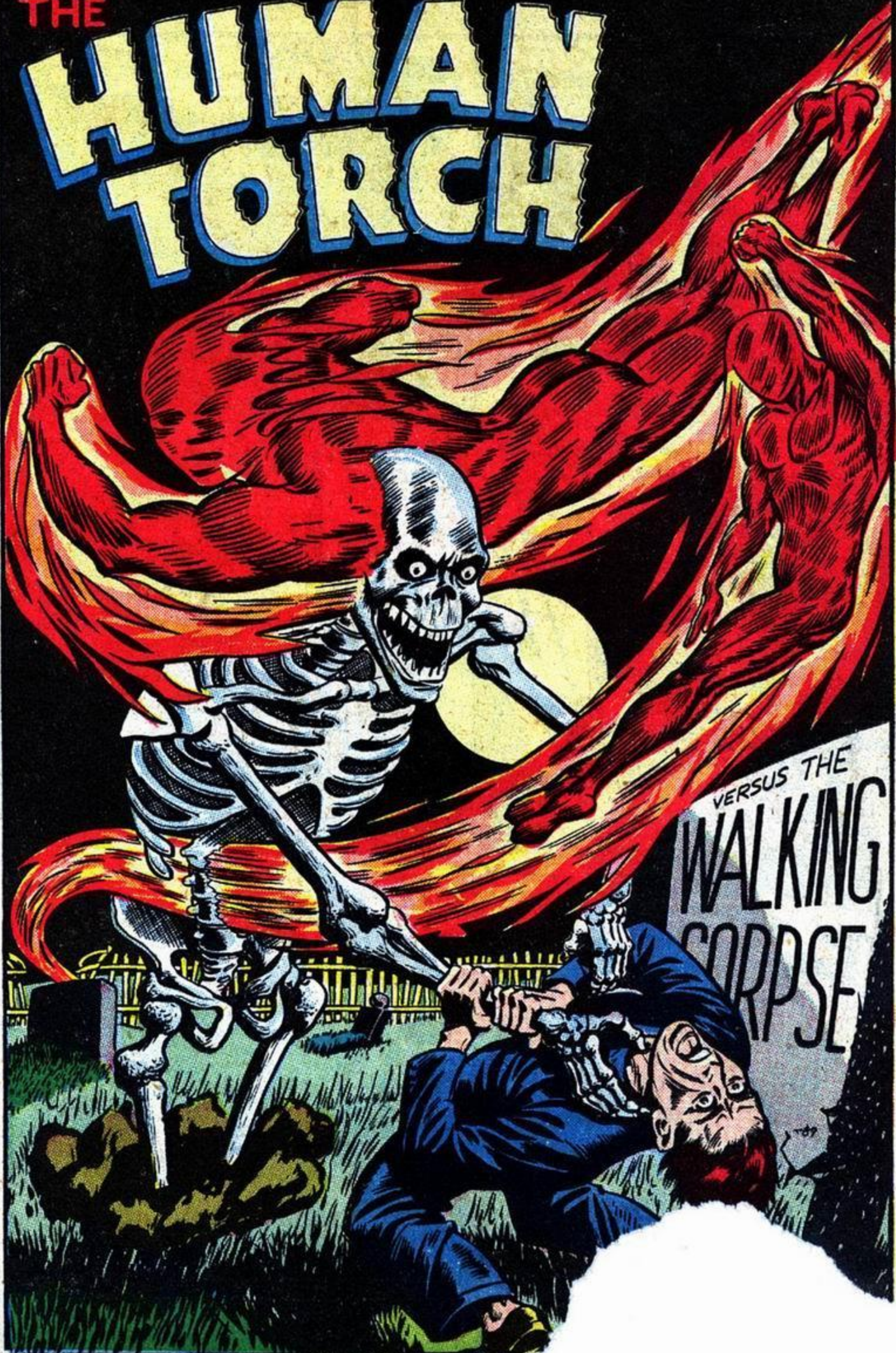
JUST LIKE THEIR BOSS DID, HUH, CAP?

YES, BUCKY!



END.

THE HUMAN TORCH



VERSUS THE
WALKING
CORPSE

TIME ? 11:49... PLACE ?..THE DEATH HOUSE!

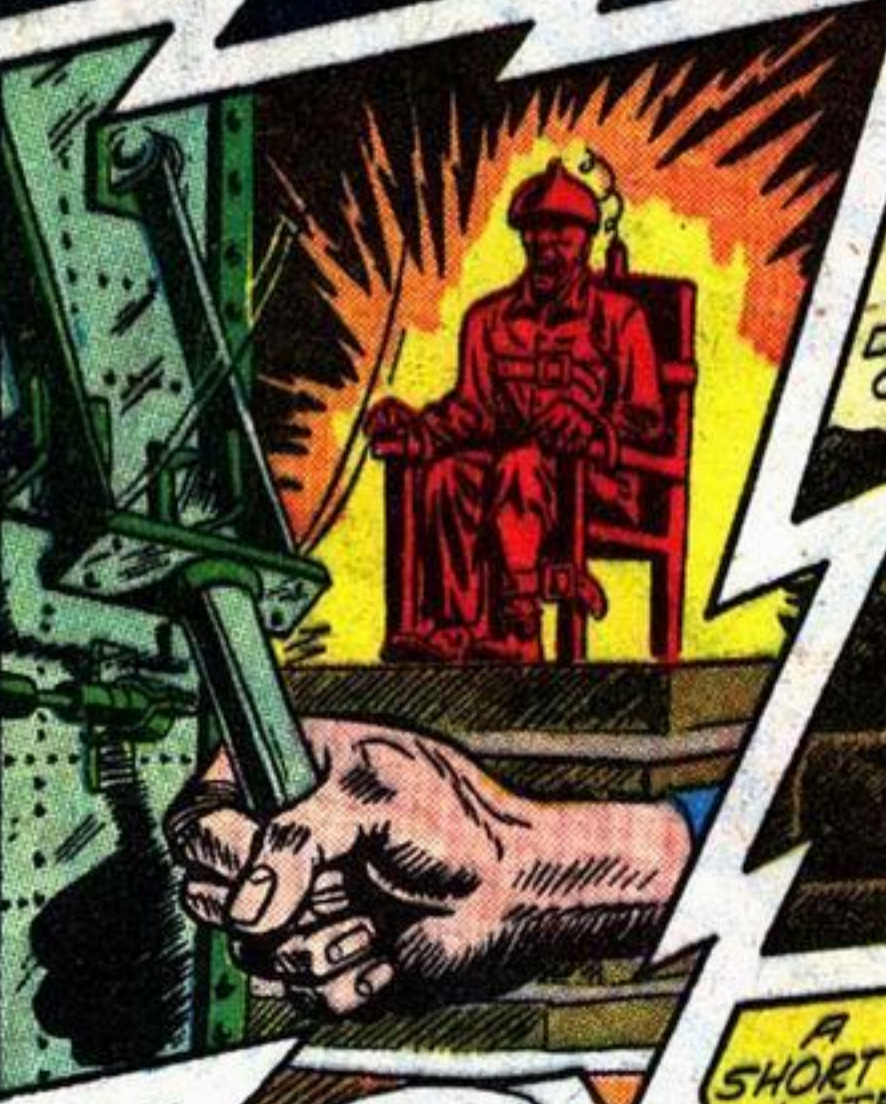
COME, SLASHER!
IT'S TIME TO PAY
YOUR DEBT TO
SOCIETY!

AHHHH!
EEEE!... I
DON'T WANT
TO DIE!



THE
LAST
MILE!

I'LL COME BACK!... I'LL
KILL ALL OF THEM THAT
SENT ME HERE! I'LL COME
BACK!... I SWEAR IT!
I'LL COME BACK!..



MUCH LATER
THAT SAME
NIGHT IN THE
STUDY OF
JUDGE ROE-
MER WHO
PRONOUNCED
DEATH SENTENCE
ON THE 'SLASHER'!

SLASHER!
BUT IT
CAN'T BE..
YOU'VE
BEEN...

BUT IT
IS! I SWARE
I'D BE BACK!
ARE YOU
PREPARED
TO DIE, JUDGE
ROEMER?!



YOU
ARE AS FAR
AS I'M
CONCERNED!

A
SHORT TIME
LATER!

... THE JUDGE
WAS FOUND DEAD BY HIS
BUTLER! THE POLICE ARE
ON SCENE AND ARE.....

NO TIME
TO BROOD, TORO,
IT'S AWFUL
ALL RIGHT...

JUDGE
ROEMER MUR-
DERED! GOSH,
TORCH! THAT'S
AWFUL!





... BUT IT'S GOING TO BE WORSE FOR THE MAD DOG WHO DID IT!... JUDGE ROEMER WAS A GOOD FRIEND AND WE'RE GOING TO AVENGE HIS DEATH!



HI, CHIEF! WE HEARD THE NEWS! ANY CLUES YET?!

HELLO, TORCH! YES WE FOUND THE KNIFE...CHECK THE FINGERPRINTS WITH OUR FILES, VAN!



VAN, ACE DETECTIVE, TAKES A GLANCE AT THE PRINTS AND.

NO USE LOOKING IN THE FILES!... THESE FINGER PRINTS ARE SLASHER'S!



WHAT?! BY GEORGE, HE'S RIGHT, BRADY!... THEY'RE SLASHER'S

YOU'RE BOTH NUTS!... SLASHER'S DEAD AND BURIED!



YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! I'M QUITTING THIS CASE!

I'LL BE... BRADY NEVER STRUCK ME AS BEING SENSITIVE BEFORE!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?! IT'S A CINCH THE KILLER'S NOT GOING TO STOP WITH THE JUDGE'S DEATH!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IF THE FANTASTIC DID HAPPEN AND SLASHER RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE...



... THEN HOGAN THE D.A. IS NEXT!

WE'D BETTER GET THERE! AND GET THERE FAST!

IN A FEW MINUTES THE DUO ARRIVE AT THE D.A.'S HOME.

WE'RE JUST IN TIME! NOW WE'LL SEE IF THE DEAD COME BACK!



THANK GOODNESS!

LOOKS LIKE THEY DO!..IT IS SLASHER!



ATTA BOY, TORO! WE GOT HIM!

YOU CAN'T HURT THE DEAD! HERE'S SOMETHING THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



ANOTHER VIAL OF THE STUFF FOR YOUR PAL HERE!

POLICE! HURRY! THIS IS THE...



...THE D.A.! THERE THAT'LL KEEP YOU QUIET, TOO!



I'D BETTER SCRAM BEFORE THE GASEOUS STUFF GETS ME, TOO! NO TIME TO KILL THEM NOW!



ABOUT A HALF HOUR LATER..

COME ON, TORO! TIME TO COME TO...STUFF'S WEARING OFF!



LATER...

THERE'S NO DOUBT BUT THAT THE KILLER IS OUT TO GET EVERYONE WHO HELPED PUT SLASHER INTO HIS GRAVE!... HIS GRAVE! THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING, TORO!... D.A., YOU'D BETTER LOCK YOURSELF AND THE JURY UP SAFELY IN JAIL WHILE WE CLEAR THIS CASE UP!





WHILE WITHIN THE COFFIN, TORCH STIRS AWAKE TO THE FULL HORROR OF THEIR FATE.

WHAT HAPPENED, TORCH?! WE'RE IN A COFFIN WITH SLASHER'S CORPSE!

YES, HOW LOVELY!

EEK!.. LET'S FLAME OUT OF HERE, TORCH!

JUST A MOMENT! LOOK, TORO, SLASHER'S HAND HAS BEEN CUT OFF!

SO THAT'S WHERE HIS PRINTS CAME FROM, BUT WHO DID IT?

I HAVE A HUNCH WE'LL FIND HIM AFTER THE D.A. AND THE JURORS ABOUT NOW!

ARE YOU KIDDING?! HE WOULDN'T GO THERE!

OH, NO?! ANYONE SEEKING REVENGE ON THE LAW WITH SO MUCH DESPERATION AND CLEVERNESS...

...CAN EASILY FIND MEANS OF FINISHING HIS BUTCHERY EVEN IN THE CITY JAIL! WE'RE TAKING A LOOK ANYWAY!

WHERE ARE THE D.A. AND THE JURORS BEING KEPT?

SECOND CELL TO THE RIGHT UP STAIRS!... BRADY JUST WENT UP TO SEE THE D.A.!

\$5000 REWARD

WHILE UPSTAIRS...

SLASHER!
EEE! AGHH!
OHhhh!
AHHN!

YEAH,
SLASHER! BACK
FROM THE GRAVE
TO FINISH ALL
WHO PUT HIM
THERE! THE
KEYS, GUARD!

WELL, D.A. AND
JURORS! YOUR
TIME HAS COME!
I SWARE I'D
GET YOU ALL!

HELP!

SLASHER!

OHhh!



WE
MEET AGAIN,
YOU ZOMBIE
FAKE! BUT
THIS TIME WE'RE
GETTING YOU!

TORO!
YOU'LL BREAK
HIS BACK
THAT WAY!

NO! HE'S TOO
TOUGH! THIS'LL
JUST KNOCK
HIM OUT!



HERE'S OUR
EVIDENCE, THE
HAND USED TO
LEAVE THE
PRINTS! WHO
IS HE,
TORO?!

WELL, I'LL BE...
BRADY OF ALL
PEOPLE... BUT
WHY?... HOW
COME?!



YOU'VE GOT ME, FELLOWS!
SLASHER WAS MY BROTHER,
NO ONE KNEW THAT... I
VOWED REVENGE FOR HIM!
DUG UP HIS BODY... GOT
HAND... MADE MASK!...
TO MAKE YOU ALL
THINK HE RETURNED
FROM THE DEAD!



BUT I
DIDN'T SUC-
CEED AS I
SHOULDN'T
HAVE... NOW I
MUST FOLLOW
HIM!

RIGHT,
BRADY.
CRIME
NEVER
PAYS!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

in
The THING in the SWAMP!



ONLY A MADMAN COULD
CREATE A MONSTER THAT
LIVES AND BREATHES HATE
AND CRUELTY AND THRIVES FROM
THE HORROR AND THINGS THAT
CREATES! CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY TACKLE AN INDE-
STRUCTIBLE FIEND OF HATE
IN AN EFFORT TO UNCOVER THE
MYSTERY OF THE HORROR
OF SWAMP OF THE

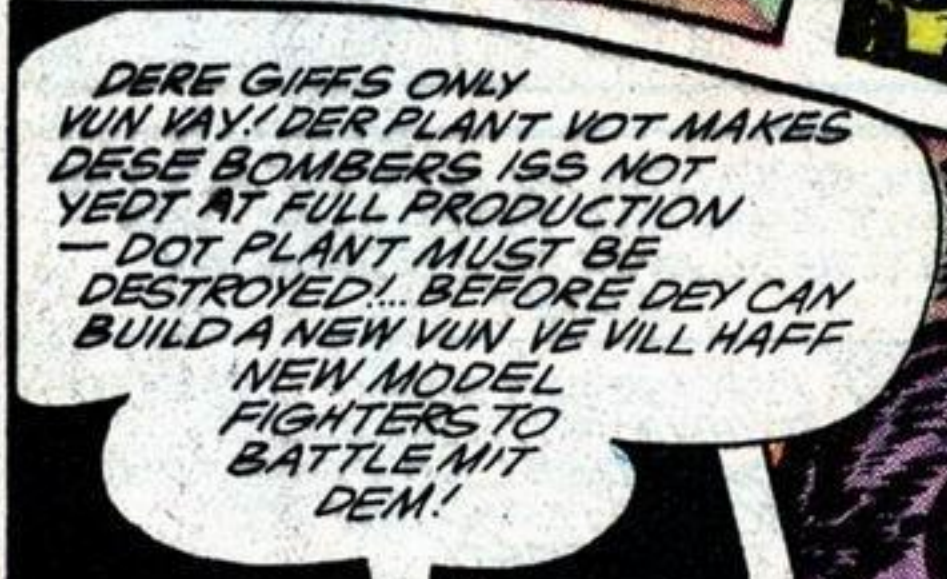
AERICAN PLANES
SMASH A GERMAN
CITY!



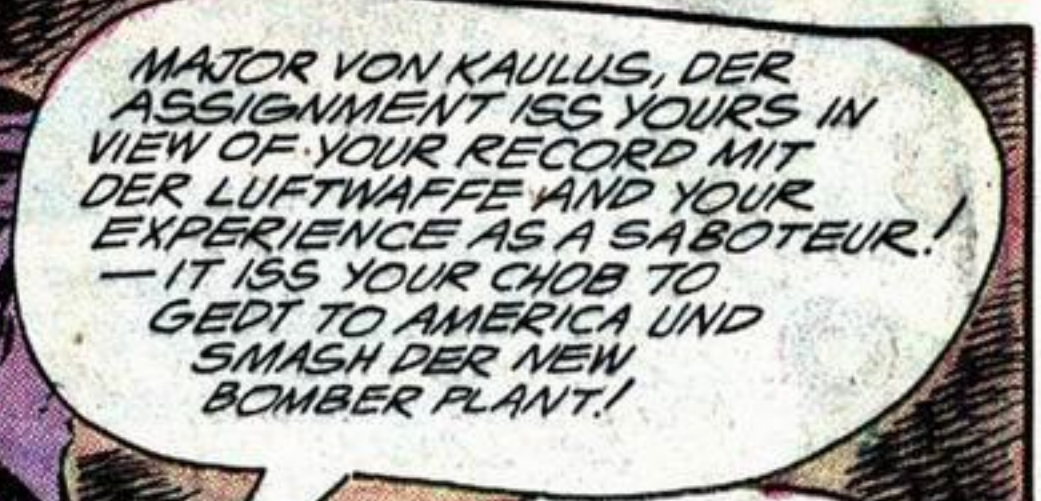
OH, WHAT A SWEET SHIP THIS IS!... AND BOY, IF WE HAD ENOUGH OF THEM, THERE WOULDN'T BE A NAZI CITY LEFT ON THE MAP!



And AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS!
WE CANNOT COPE WITH DER NEW AMERICAN BOMBERS! DEY MAKE SAUERKRAUT FROM OUR PLANES!



DERE GIFFS ONLY VUN KAY! DER PLANT VOT MAKES DESE BOMBERS ISS NOT YEDT AT FULL PRODUCTION — DOT PLANT MUST BE DESTROYED!... BEFORE DEY CAN BUILD A NEW VUN VE VILL HAFF NEW MODEL FIGHTERS TO BATTLE MIT DEM!



MAJOR VON KAULUS, DER ASSIGNMENT ISS YOURS IN VIEW OF YOUR RECORD MIT DER LUFTWAFFE AND YOUR EXPERIENCE AS A SABOTEUR! — IT ISS YOUR CHOB TO GEDT TO AMERICA UND SMASH DER NEW BOMBER PLANT!



VON KAULUS NEVER FAILS!

HIS HEART FILLED WITH HATRED OF THE AMERICAN ENEMY! VON KAULUS WINGS HIS WAY TO AMERICA ACCOMPANIED BY A LONE AIDE!

WE ARE ALMOST DERE AND DER INTERCEPTING PLANES HAFF NOT COME TO MEET US YET! BUT BEDDER STAND BY DER GUN, HANS! DEY MAY COME ANY MINUTE!

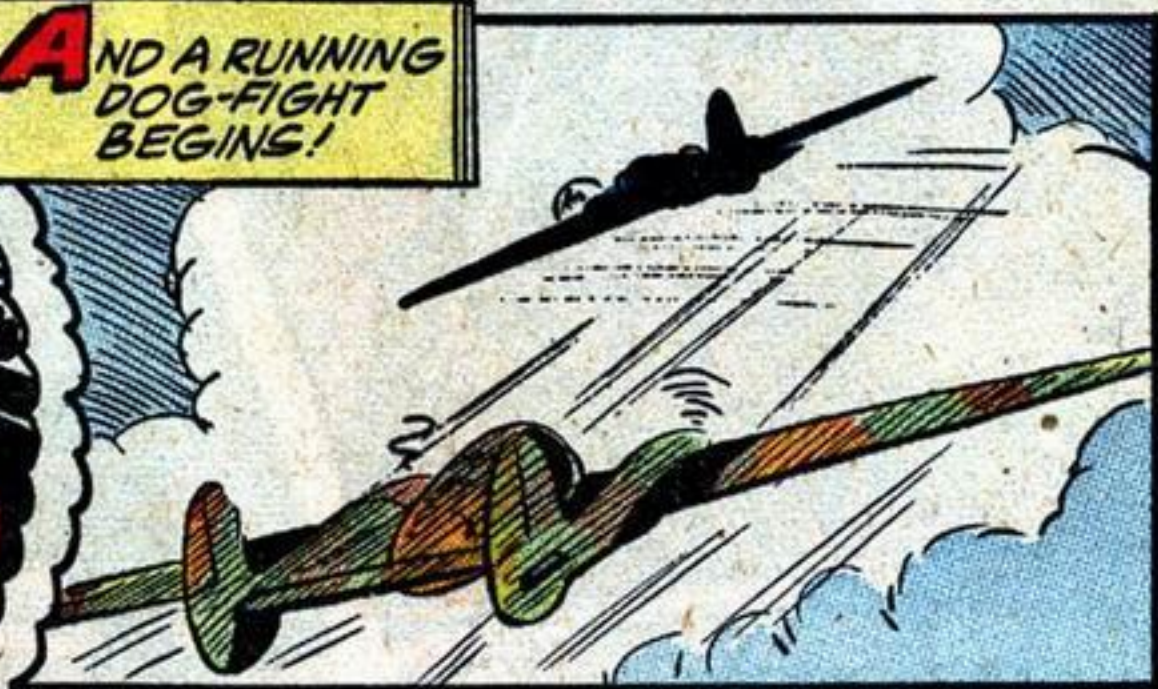
JAWOHL, MAJOR!

AND THEN AMERICAN PATROL PLANES SIGHT THE LONE INVADER!



HERE DEY COME!

AND A RUNNING DOG-FIGHT BEGINS!



BUT AS THE BATTLE CONTINUES, THE PLANES COME CLOSER TO U.S. COAST!

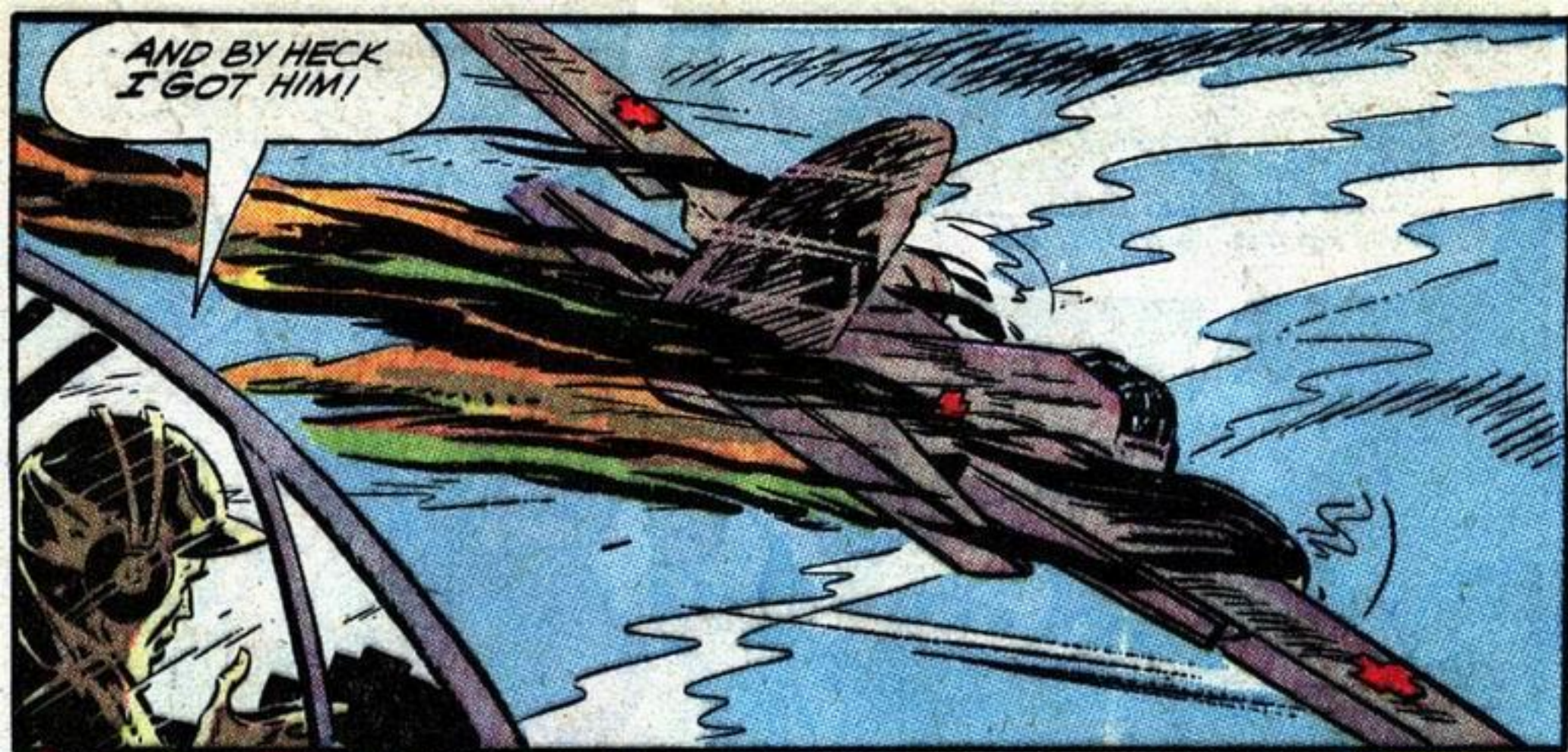
THAT NAZI SURE HAS LUCK! ALMOST GOT HIM THREE TIMES AND HE'S STILL GOING! LOOKS LIKE THIS BATTLE WILL BE FINISHED OVER DRY LAND!

SPITTING BULLETS ALL OVER THE SKY, THE PLANES SOON FIND THEMSELVES OVER THE COASTAL AREA OF A SOUTHERN STATE!

KEECHEEBEE SWAMP! I'D HATE TO HAVE FRITZ SHOOT ME DOWN HERE!...SO I'D BETTER HOP TO IT AND GET HIM FIRST!



AND BY HECK
I GOT HIM!



AND THE NAZI PLANE DIVES
INTO THE SOFT MUCK OF
KEECHEEBEE SWAMP!



I'M ALIVE! IT DOES NOT
SEEM POSSIBLE, BUT
I'M ALIVE!



BUT HANS ISS DEAD! UND
I AM ALONE IN DIS CURSED
SWAMP! HOW AM I TO
GET OUT?



BUT AS MAJOR VON KAULUS LOOKS DOWN
AT THE BODY OF HIS AIDE, HE SEES IT
SLOWLY CHANGE BEFORE HIS EYES!

HIMMEL! SOMED'ING ISS
HAPPENING TO HAN'S
BODY! IT ISS CHANGING
SHAPE! HAIR IS GROWING
ALL OVER IT AND IT ISS
MOVING!



IT ISS DIS MUCK DOT SMELLS... I
KNOW DOT SMELL! DERE ISS A
CHEMICAL IN DIS MUCK DOT GIFFS
LIFE! A PROFESSOR AT HEIDLEBERG
VUNCE SHOWED US HOW SINGLE
CELLED ANIMALS GREW INTO FANTASTIC
SHAPES IN DIS MEDIUM!

DONNERWETTER! HANS,
—YOU KNOW ME! HANS, YOU
WOULD NOT HURT ME! I AM
YOUR MAJOR, HANS,
ACHTUNG!



HE ISS NOT GOING TO HARM ME!
HE LOOKS AS IF HE VAITS FOR MEIN
ORDERS! **ACH!**... VOT STRENGTH
HE MUST HAFF !!

YES! HE WILL OBEY ME! AND
VON KAULUS VILL KNOW HOW
TO USE SUCH A MONSTER!



HE IS DOCILE LIKE A SHEEP
DOG! HE VILL TAKE ME OUDT
OF DER SWAMP... AND DEN HE
VILL DO AS I BID HIM!

AND THAT NIGHT AFTER HOURS
OF TRUDGING THROUGH THE MUCK,
THE MONSTER CARRIES VON KAULUS
TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SOUTHERN
INDUSTRIAL CITY!

IT ISS DER FACTORY WHERE
DEY MAKE DER NEW BOMBERS!
LUCK ISS STILL MIT VON KAULUS!
DER YANKEE SCHWINEHUNDS
SHODT ME DOWN NEAR VERE I
VANTED TO GO IN DER FIRST PLACE!
STRAIGHT AHEAD, HANS!



ON THE MONSTER STEPS OUT OF THE MIRE OF THE SWAMP, VON KAULUS DESCENDS FROM HIS BACK!

DER GUARD!
DESTROY HIM,
HANS!



AGH-H-H!

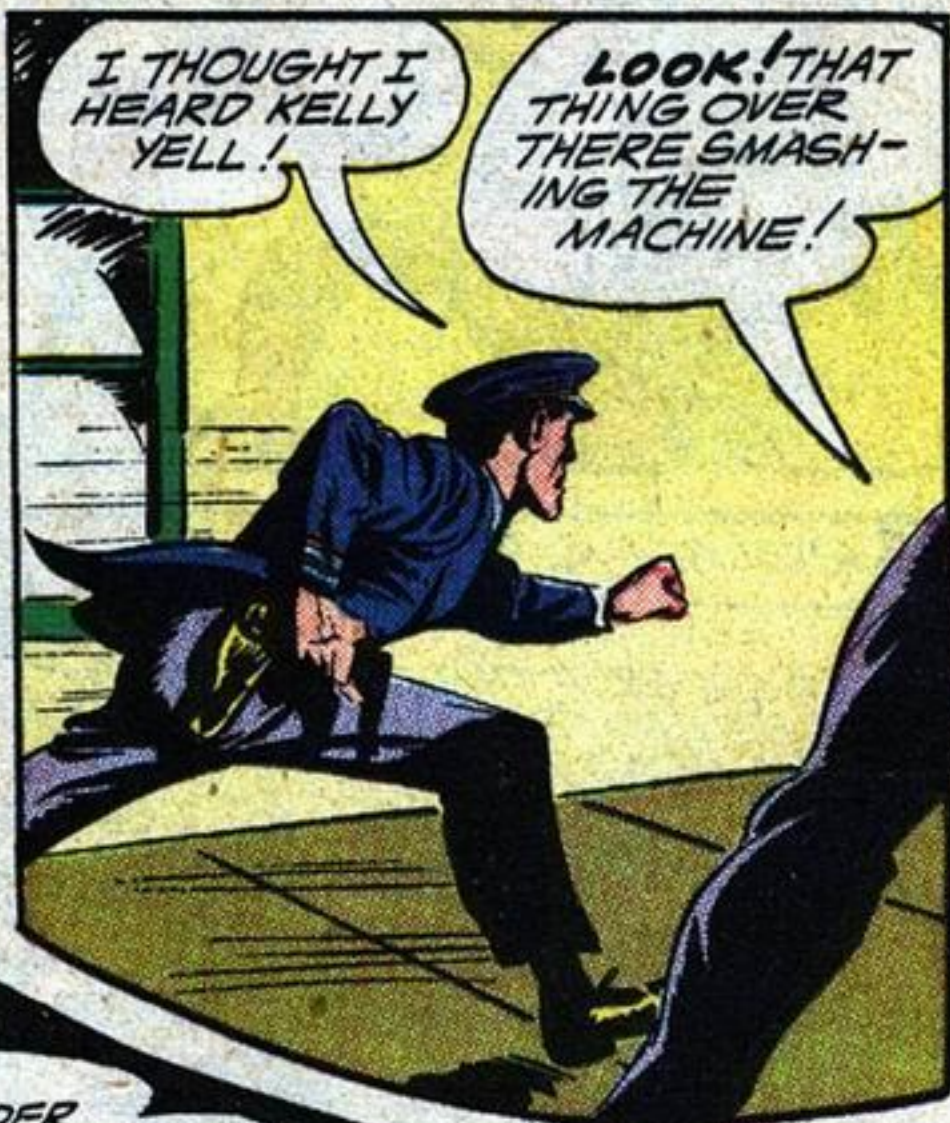


HA! DER T'INGS VE VILL DO
VILL MAKE DER FEUHRER
PROUD OF US!



I THOUGHT I
HEARD KELLY
YELL!

LOOK! THAT
THING OVER
THERE SMASH-
ING THE
MACHINE!



THE BULLETS DON'T
HURT HIM!

BUT DER
BULLETS MIGHT
HURT ME! COME
QUICK, HANS,
VE VILL RETURN!



AS THE MONSTER AND VON KAULUS FLEE, THE LATTER IS SHIELDED BY THE FANTASTIC CREATURE'S SEEMINGLY INVULNERABLE BODY!

I MUST HAVE HIT THAT THING AT LEAST TEN TIMES... IT DOESN'T EVEN SLOW DOWN!

WHAT CAN IT BE?
-WHERE DID IT
COME FROM?

BANG!
BANG!

KELLY, THAT THING
CRUSHED EVERY BONE
IN HIS BODY!



LATER AT A NEARBY ARMY CAMP!

I WONDER IF THIS STORY ABOUT THE ATTEMPTED SABOTAGE AT BEACON AIRCRAFT WOULD HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE HEINIE I SHOT DOWN OVER KEECHEEBEE SWAMP!

I DON'T SEE HOW HE COULD HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF THE SWAMP EVEN IF HE HAD SURVIVED THE CRASH... AND WHAT ABOUT THE STRANGE MONSTER THEY SAY THEY SAW?

HEAR THAT, STEVE! A NAZI SABOTEUR WITH SOME KIND OF A MONSTER FOR A BODYGUARD!

SOUNDS TO ME LIKE SOMETHING CAPTAIN AMERICA OUGHT TO LOOK INTO WITHOUT ANOTHER MOMENTS DELAY!

BEACON AIRCRAFT ISN'T FAR FROM HERE! -I CAN PICK UP THE TRAIL THERE!

I JUST REMEMBERED WE FORGOT TO TELL SERGEANT DUFFY WE'D BE GONE A LITTLE WHILE... BUT THEN I'M SURE HE WON'T MIND OUR TAKING A LITTLE FURLOUGH!



**IN THE VICINITY OF THE
AIRCRAFT FACTORY!**

**BET THEY HAVE EVERY COP
IN THE STATE DOWN HERE!**

**SEEMS TO BE A LOT OF
EXCITEMENT DOWN HERE!**



**CAPTAIN AMERICA!...I FEEL
BETTER ALREADY BUT I GUESS
IT'S NO USE, EVEN YOU WON'T
BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING!**

**BECAUSE THE SABOTEUR AND
THAT UNBELIEVABLE MONSTER
THEY SAY HE HAD WITH HIM, HAVE
OBVIOUSLY GONE INTO KEECHEEEE
SWAMP AND NOBODY I KNOW
HAS EVER GONE IN THERE
AND COME OUT ALIVE!**

**YOU'RE SURE
THE TRAIL
LEADS TO
THE SWAMP!**

**WHY
NOT?**



**THERE'S NO
DOUBT ABOUT
IT!**

**THEN WE'LL HAVE
TO TAKE THE CHANCE THAT
SOMEBODY CAN GO IN
AND COME OUT ALIVE!
—LET'S GO,
BUCKY!**

**I'M WITH
YOU, CAP!**



MEANWHILE IN THE DEPTHS OF
KEECHEEBEE SWAMP!

VE VILL HIDE HERE UNTIL DER
EXCITEMENT ISS OFF!... UND DEN
VE VILL STRIKE A MORE TELLING
BLOW!



DIS ISS BEDDER! BEFORE VE
SMASH AT THE DER FACTORY AGAIN
VE MUST GET A PLANE! I VILL TAKE
YOU BACK MIT ME TO GERMANY!
HANS, DER FUEHRER VILL
APPRECIATE YOUR
CAPABILITIES!



And AS CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY PLUNGE IN DEEPER!

THESE MOSQUITOES ARE
MANEATERS!



AND THE SMELL OF THAT
MARSH GAS IS GETTING
WORSE!

CAN'T SEE TWO FEET
AHEAD OF YOU IN THIS
FOG!



AND THE HOURS MOVE SLOWLY BY!!!

LOOK, BUCKY,
THE MIST IS
LIFTING!

AND THERE IS
SOME KIND OF
SHACK!



GREAT CAESARS
GHOST!... I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!

WHAT'S IT
SUPPOSED TO
BE, CAP!



YESS, AND VE ARE ONLY
BEGINNING!... VOT IS MORE
I SHALL HAVE DER DISTINCTION
OF HAVING DESTROYED
CAPTAIN AMERICA!



MAYBE OUR
FRIENDS ARE
INSIDE!

MY IDEA
EXACTLY!



VE DID NOT EXPECT
VISITORS!... WELCOME TO
OUR HUMBLE ABODE! HA,
HA! I BELIEVE YOU ARE
DER FAMOUS CAPTAIN
AMERICA!!

RIGHT! AND
YOU'RE THE PERSON
WHO THOUGHT HE'D
WRECK ONE OF OUR
WAR PLANTS!





SUDDENLY, THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN AMERICA FINDS HIMSELF HELPLESS IN THE AWFUL GRIP OF THE MONSTER!



CAP!

ALL RIGHT, NOW, CALL
THAT BIG MAN OF
YOURS OFF!

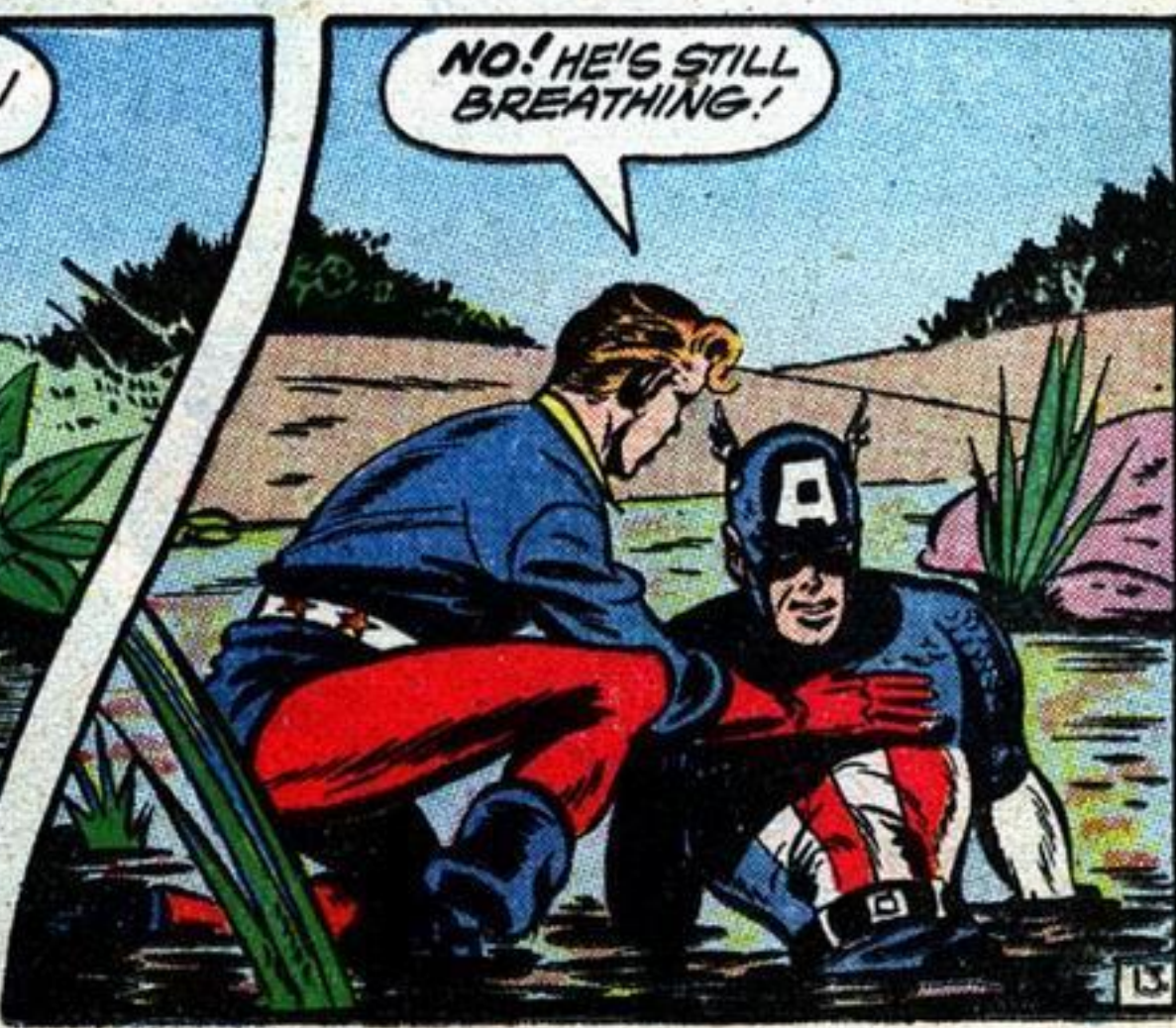
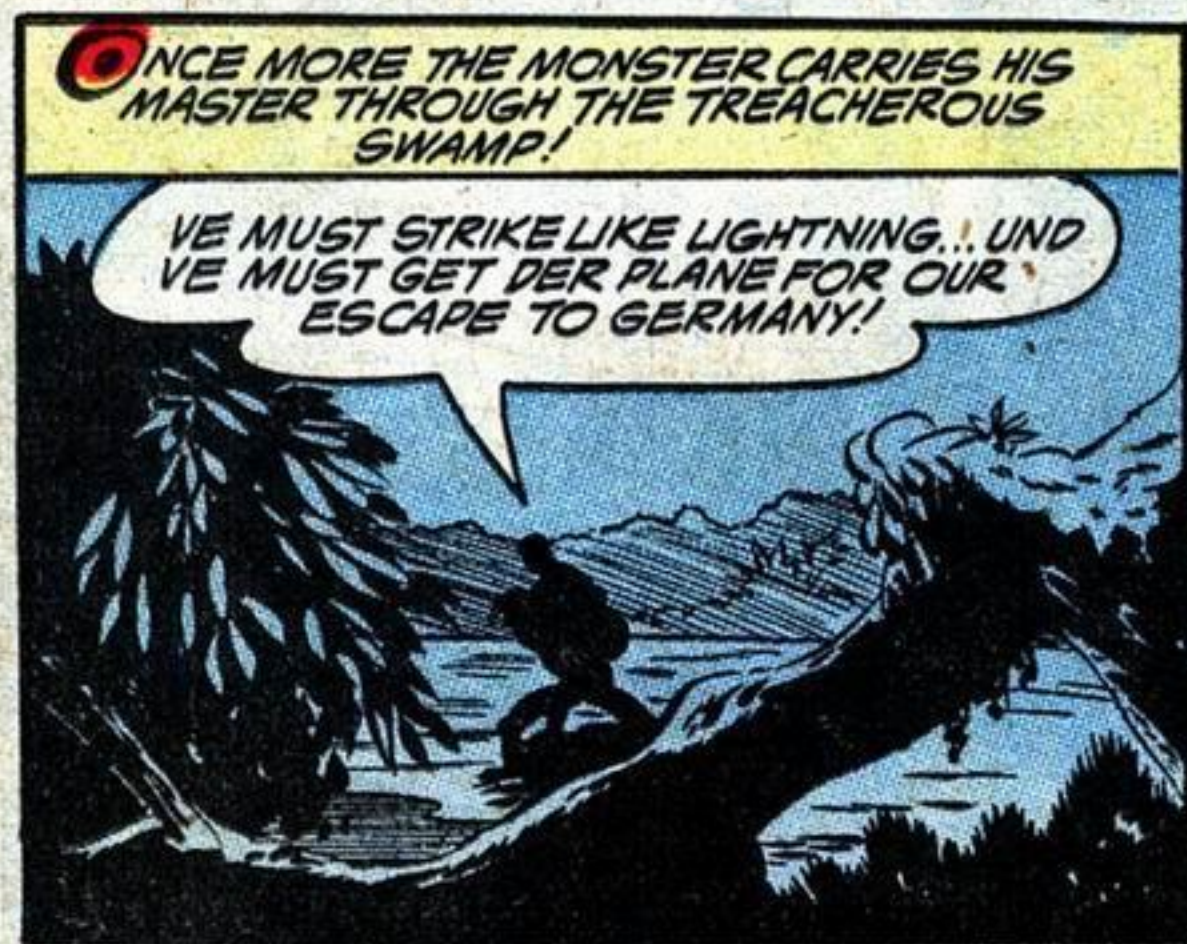
HANS,
LET
HIM
GO!

CAP...YOU ALL RIGHT!
-GOLLY, HE'S...

VON KAULUS TAKES QUICK
ADVANTAGE OF BUCKY'S
DISTRACTION!

UND YOU VILL ALSO
BE DEAD!

TAKE DEM UND DROP
DEM IN DER SWAMP WATER!
-YOU HAFF KILLED CAPTAIN
AMERICA UND DER YOUNG VUN
VILL DROWN BEFORE HE CAN
REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS!



'LO, BUCKY, GUESS
I WAS KNOCKED
OUT!

THAT'S PUTTING IT
MILDLY!...WE'RE LUCKY
IT'S SO SHALLOW
HERE!

THEY'VE GONE!...
-PROBABLY BACK TO
FINISH THE JOB THEY'VE
STARTED! WE'VE GOT
TO STOP THEM!

HERE'S WHAT WE WANT!
-THE MONSTER'S FOOT-PRINTS
AND THE NAZIS!

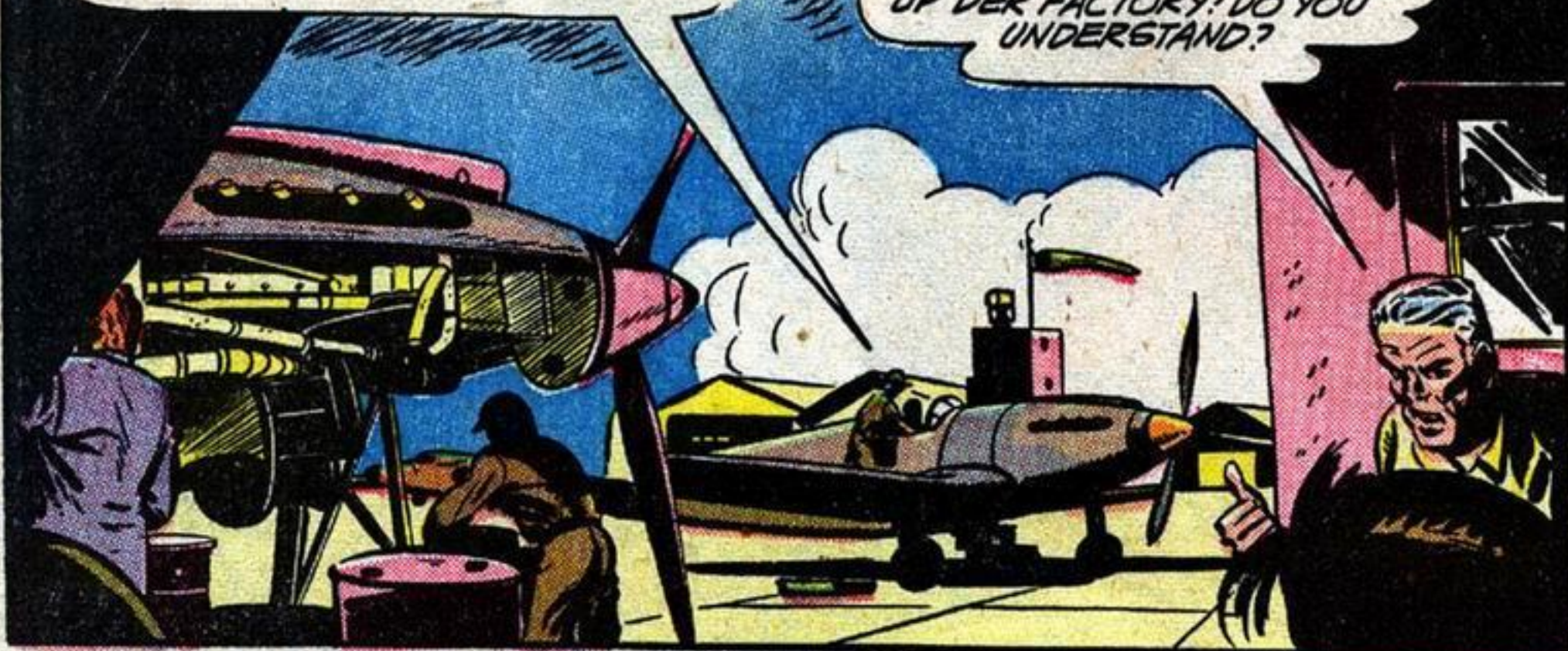
THE FOOT-PRINTS ARE GETTING
FRESHER! WE'RE CATCHING UP
WITH THEM!

BUT BEFORE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY
CAN OVERTAKE VON KAULUS AND THE MONSTER...

WE MUST FIND THE FIELD WHERE THEY TEST
THE NEW PLANES!

ALL GASSED UP AND READY TO GO!... BOY, I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE THE GUY TRYING HER OUT!

HANS, YOU MUST GETT DER PLANE FOR ME, DEN, I VILL VAIT FOR YOU WHILE YOU RIP UP DER FACTORY! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



HELP!

AGH!

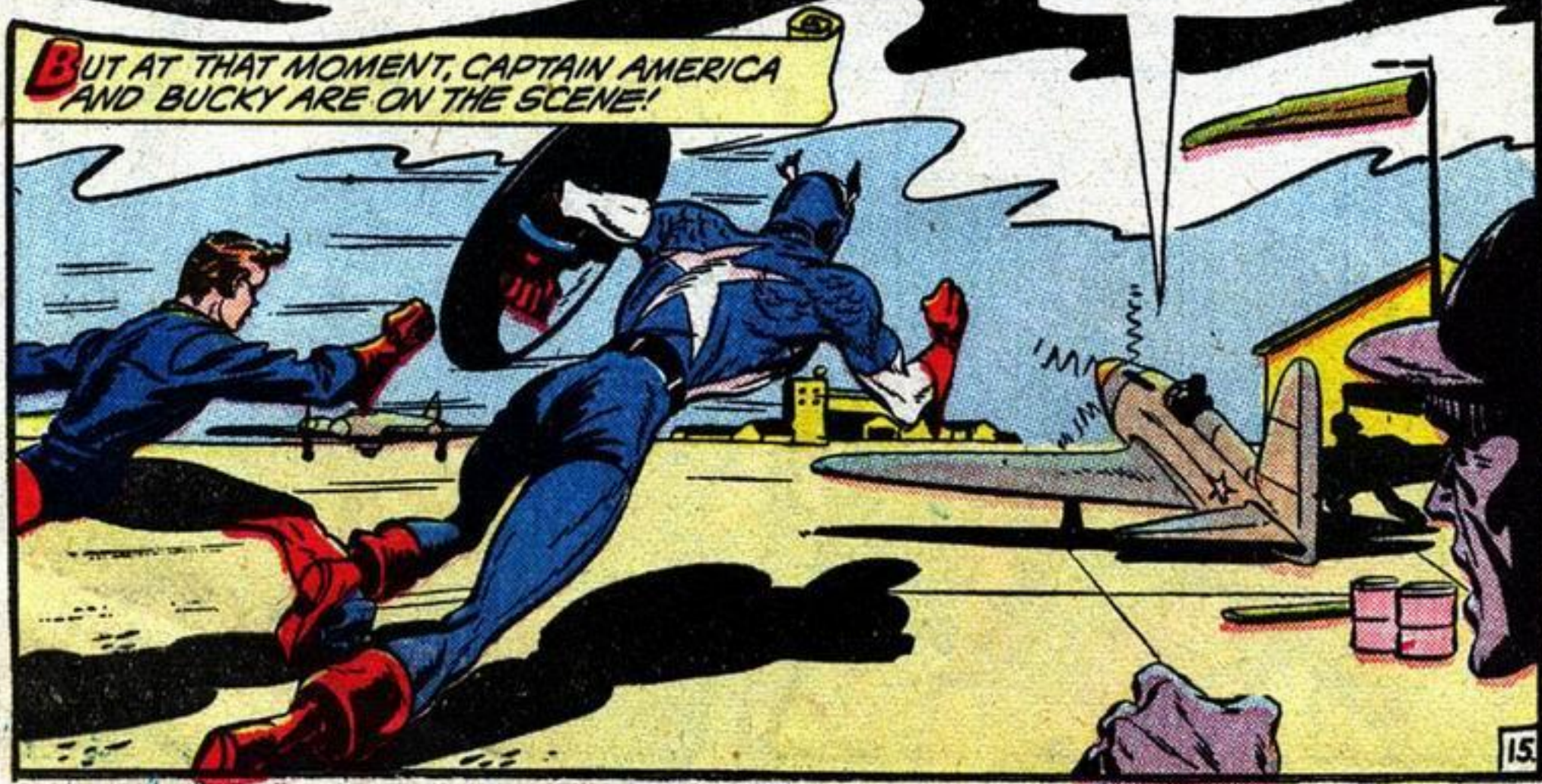


HURRY, HANS, DER FACTORY!!



IT ISS TOO LATE, HANS! -INTO DER PLANE! DEY CANNOT HURT YOU!... BUT I AM NOT IMMUNE TO BULLETS!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE ON THE SCENE!



THEY'RE GOING TO
TAKE OFF!

WE'VE GOT TO HAVE
A PLANE, QUICK! WE
CAN'T LET THEM
GET AWAY!

THERE'S A SHIP DOWN
THE FIELD, BUT WHAT
CAN YOU DO TO THE
MONSTER? BULLETS
WON'T HURT HIM!

THERE MUST
BE SOMETHING
THAT WILL HURT
HIM!

IN HOT PURSUIT OF VON KAULUS AND
THE MONSTER, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND
BUCKY SOON FIND THEMSELVES
FAR OUT AT SEA!

GET THAT MACHINE GUN GOING
BUCKY AS SOON AS I PULL UP
TO HIM!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!
- DEN HE LIVES!... YOU
DID NOT KILL HIM, HANS!
- YOU LUMP OF SWAMP
FILTH!

WHAT'S THE MONSTER
TRYING TO DO? HE'S
CLIMBING OUT
ON THE WING!

I DON'T
KNOW! THE
BULLETS AREN'T
EVEN SCRATCHING
HIM!

HE ISS GOING TO REDEEM
HIMSELF! HE ISS GOING
TO KILL CAPTAIN AMERICA!

CAP!
LOOK
OUT!



EVEN THAT DIDN'T HURT
THE LUG! BUCKY, THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY TO DESTROY
HIM! GET THAT PARACHUTE ON!

OKAY,
CAP!



NO YOU DON'T,
KING KONG!



CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DON
PARACHUTES AND TAKE THEIR
PLANE UPWARD, UPWARD!



WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO,
CAP?

CRASH HER! THE ONLY
WAY TO GET RID OF
THAT MONSTER IS TO
BLOW HIM TO BITS! BE
READY TO JUMP WHEN
I GIVE THE SIGNAL!



HE ISS INSANE!
-HE ISS GOING TO
CRASH INTO US!



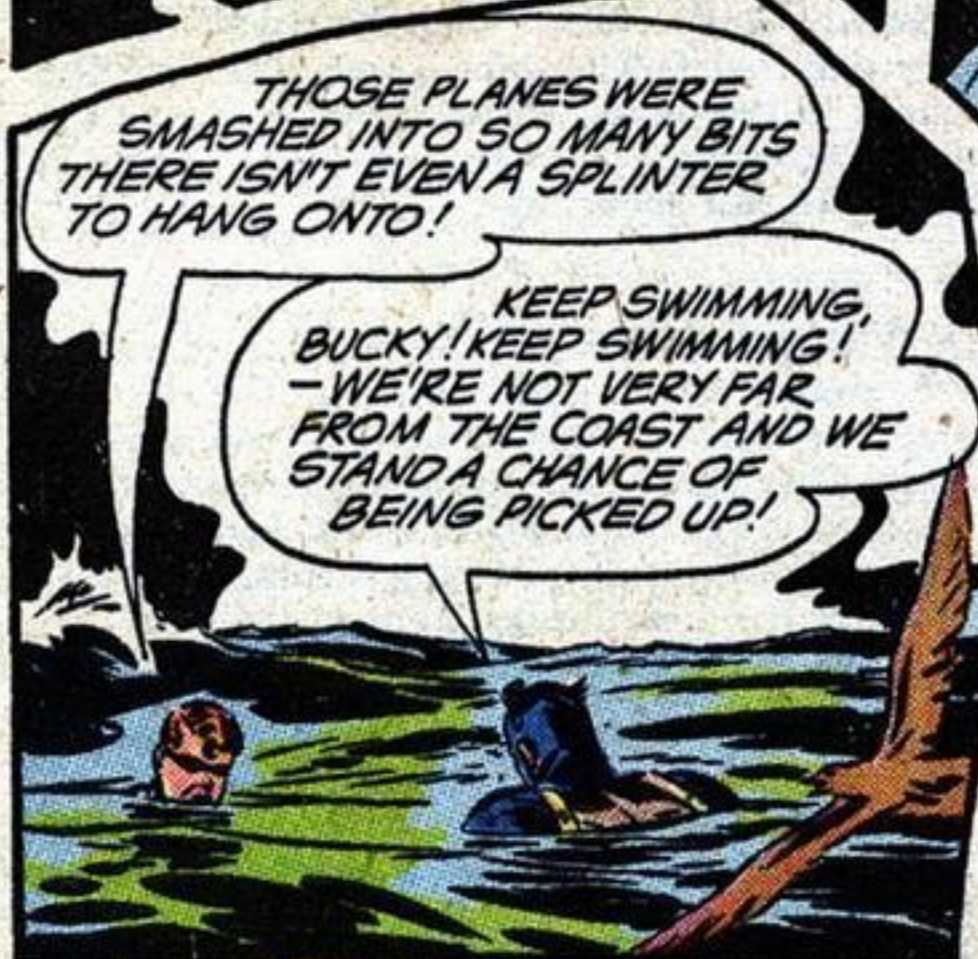


BAIL OUT!



AND THAT'S THE
END OF THEM!

B-B-O-O-M!



THOSE PLANES WERE
SMASHED INTO SO MANY BITS
THERE ISN'T EVEN A SPLINTER
TO HANG ONTO!

KEEP SWIMMING,
BUCKY! KEEP SWIMMING!
- WE'RE NOT VERY FAR
FROM THE COAST AND WE
STAND A CHANCE OF
BEING PICKED UP!



AND AFTER HOURS IN THE WATER!

A COAST GUARD
CUTTER!



CAPTAIN AMERICA! WE GOT A RADIO
MESSAGE THAT YOU TOOK OFF AFTER
THAT MONSTER! DID YOU GET HIM?

WE GOT HIM,
ALL RIGHT!

IT SAYS HERE
THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA
DESTROYED A MONSTER
WHO WAS INVULNERABLE
TO MACHINE GUN BULLETS!

AND THE
NEXT
DAY, AT
CAMP!



SHADDUP, YUH YARDBOIDS! IF
YUH TALKED LESS ABOUT
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND ACTED
MORE LIKE HIM, YUH'D BOTH
START GETTIN' SOMEWHERE
IN THIS MAN'S
ARMY!

YES,
SERGEANT!

THE END

CONQUEROR

THE sound of the shot was sharp against the stillness hanging heavily over the little village.

The bullet made a funny ping, as it struck the edge of the stone wall just above Andy's head, and rocketed off into the half-dark of evening.

Andy vaulted the fence, dropped to the other side into the high grass, crouched there to peer carefully about him. The snipers should have been cleared out of this sector long ago. Indeed, to the best of anyone's knowledge this village was just a ghost, bombed and blasted into heaps of rubble. About the only thing left standing was the church, its steeple thrust into the sky, symbolic, alone and solitary among the wreckage of other buildings.

The sound of the shot had come from high up in the steeple. Andy crouched in the grass, waiting until the darkness was complete. Then he moved forward crouching to the end of the stone wall, cut swiftly across the intervening space between the end of the wall, and the side of the battered church. It wouldn't have surprised him any to feel the tearing impact of a bullet...

He was, he knew with an odd feeling of emptiness, completely alone. The battle front was a good many miles advanced now, so far in fact, that back here at this stage, the medical corps was not required to carry arms. Little trouble had been expected Andy realized ruefully. In fact, this area was supposedly cleared now.

* * *

IT WASN'T difficult to find a way into the church. Andy accomplished that through the hole made by repeated shells from the big field rifles. Inside, the dust rose, sticking to his face and hands, making his teeth gritty. It was cool but there was sweat on his body, as he picked his way carefully through the rubble, found the remains of stairs leading up into the tower and started the ascent.

Again he had that feeling that he was being watched, could expect death at any second. He reached the landing above and paused, melting with the utter black, to listen and wait. Somewhere a little rattle of plaster sounded, dislodged from some torn cornice. Again silence...

Once more Andy was going up. The sniper could be only one place. In the tower directly below the spire. The stairs were solid, thank goodness. If they hadn't been...

He was at a doorway, peering into the tiny cubicle of a room beyond. And crouching there, peering out a window, Andy saw the figure of a man, saw the dull sheen upon the barrel of the rifle he held.

Carefully now Andy moved forward. Suddenly the sniper whirled, spinning his rifle. Andy leaped aside, the smashing report of the rifle blistering his face. Desperately he lunged in, flinging the rifle aside, jabbing savagely at the face before him. The weapon dropped, the man twisted, scrambled

to his feet. Andy drove in a swift blow, and his opponent crumpled and lay still.

For a brief moment, Andy stared out the window. At first, he could see nothing. Then, over in a grove of trees, he saw a light wink briefly off and on again.

Carefully Andy bound his prisoner. Turning, he descended the stairs, moved across the floor of the building and out into the night. He wanted to be sure what was happening before going back to the outfit. The man up in the spire—the light from the woods—

Swiftly Andy crossed into the woods. It was very dark, cool. The wind made little rustling sounds in the leaves. Again forward, aiming for the point where he had seen the light. It should have been just about here.

* * *

A FIGURE moved past Andy's line of vision, and he turned swiftly after it. The risk was great, he realized. Already he had come close to death. They must be enemy forces, perhaps an outlaw band of guerrilla fighters, sent here to sabotage and delay the advancing forces. And they probably had their headquarters in the hills.

Andy pressed forward swiftly. It wasn't an easy task, keeping the shadowy figure in view. Across an open space, Andy saw the man plainly—small, a little stooped. He hurried on into the woods. Swiftly Andy reached the trail, broke into a slow trot. If only he could find where the man was going—

The trail ran directly into a ravine, slicing the rising hills. Probably they had a cave in there. Andy pressed forward between narrowing walls. It was inky black now. He could see nothing. Ahead in the darkness a stone rattled softly, then silence once more pressed down. Again forward...

The narrow floor of the ravine twisted left. As Andy peered ahead he saw a brief light. It disappeared, but there had been enough for him to see the old man go through dense woods against the side of the hill. Beyond must be a cave opening. Andy turned away. Again at a trot he returned to the old church. He crawled inside, started forward, then stopped abruptly.

A light was coming toward him, carried in the hand of a girl. A girl...!

* * *

SHE stopped swiftly at the sight of Andy and in a flash her hand swung into view, holding a revolver pointed steadily at him. "What are you doing here?" Her voice was low but far from scared. Her eyes fixed steadily, carefully at him. "How did you get in?"

"On the hoof." Andy grinned. "Thanks to your friend upstairs. He wouldn't win any medals. Or I'm too skinny. Maybe it's a good thing."

"My friend—"

"He's alive," Andy interrupted. "If you'll notice, I'm not armed. Back here—"

"I know that." She hesitated, then added, "I might be able to use you." Her face was grim once more, sharply cut with determination. "Turn around. Go back under the stairs. Through the door there. You are a medical corpsman. You have your equipment with you!"

"So what?"

"Go down the stairs. Don't force me to use this gun. I won't miss!"

* * *

THE stairs led into a cellar beneath the church. Reaching the bottom, Andy walked forward a little way, wondering if it had been searched by the troops. Now a feeling of death crept into his mind, poked cold fingers at him.

"Over there," the girl directed tensely. "Against the wall."

Once more Andy was on the move. His eyes picked out the cot and, reaching it, he stared down. A gaunt man lay there, face colorless, eyes closed. His breath was shallow, jerky. Andy leaned forward.

"He was wounded," she said softly.

For perhaps ten minutes Andy busied himself. Yes, the man had been wounded. What made it bad was the shell fragment, still deeply imbedded in the wound. Andy probed carefully, realized it was buried in bone. Already there was infection. At this rate, the fellow wouldn't last much longer.

The girl's voice came unsteadily: "He was our leader. He, like the others, didn't know who our friends were. They wouldn't listen to me—"

"Where'd you learn to speak English?"

"I... went to school in France. I learned there. Now... there is no one who can do anything for him."

It was, Andy realized, a ticklish proposition. Right now his life wasn't worth a red cent. Nor was the life of the big man on the cot. He'd stand a chance, perhaps, of pulling through if the wound were cleaned up, the fragment removed, plasma administered....

Andy shrugged. "Bring another light, if you've got one. I'll see what I can do. But this guy's about done for. Don't blame me if anything goes haywire!"

Hours later Andy straightened up. His back and eyes ached, but there was satisfaction within him as he watched the color begin to seep into the man's face. Already respiration and pulse were beginning to smooth out.... Now that the pressure was gone from the skull....

* * *

"HE'LL make the grade." Andy turned away. "You'll be able to take care of him from here on. Of course, if I could get back—" He hesitated, grinning in spite of the tiredness gnawing at his shoulders and back.

A faint smile touched the girl's lips. "You can get back," she said gently, "whenever you think it necessary." She stepped aside, opening the way for him across the basement to the stairs. "Others have watched you. You will be safe."

"I saw someone. Back in the woods. They were signalling to your guy upstairs. I followed—"

She nodded. "We have our hide-out back there. In a cave."

"It's war." Andy wiped his hands carefully, packed his kit. The smell of antiseptic was good in the air. "Sometimes," the young soldier continued, "we don't know where our friends are, or who they are." He watched the girl, noting the dark circles about her eyes, the proud tilt of her chin. He said, "I'll be back in the morning. Captain Ranger will come along. He's a brain specialist. He'll check this just to be sure everything's okay."

"Our people will trust you now," the girl said. She laughed softly, added, "There won't be any snipers this time!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF
AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Captain America Comics published monthly at
Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1944

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Captain America Comics and that the following is, to best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Complete Photo Story Corporation, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Complete Photo Story Corporation, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Abraham Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Arthur Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; David Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1944.

(SEAL)

SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1945.)



CAPTAIN AMERICA

A MURDEROUS SHE-CAT BACKED BY HER BAND OF VICIOUS BANDITS, MATCHES HER LIGHTNING-LIKE WITS AND FELINE CUNNING AGAINST THE CRIME-FIGHTING PROWESS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY IN THE LEGEND OF--

The HUMAN BEAST!

LATE ONE EVENING, AS PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES ARE RETURNING TO CAMP LEHIGH...

RACING THROUGH THE LOBBY OF THE BUILDING, THE MIGHTY CRIME FIGHTERS TAKE THE ELEVATOR TO THE TENTH FLOOR...

BLAM
BLAM

STEVE! SHOTS! AND
THEY CAME FROM
THAT LIGHTED
WINDOW ON THE
TENTH FLOOR!

WE'D
BETTER
LOOK INTO
THIS,
BUCKY!

THAT MUST BE THE
PLACE! HURRY
CAP!



SILENTLY OPENING THE DOOR..

HOLEY
MOLEY!

A GIRL?



THAT'S ME! AND REACH,
STUPID, BEFORE I PLUG YOU!



DISOBEYING
THE COMMAND..

YOU MURDEROUS
SHE CAT!

OKAY! YOU
ASKED FOR
IT!



OKAY!
I GIVE UP!
I KNOW WHEN
I'M LICKED!

BUT AS CAP RELAXES HIS GRIP FOR A MOMENT...

YOUR KIND USUALLY DOES!
NOW WE'LL TAKE YOU FOR A
NICE LITTLE RIDE TO
HEADQUARTERS AND-OW!



NEXT TIME DON'T
TAKE ME FOR A FOOL!

DON'T WORRY
AFTER THAT,
I'M CONVINCED
YOU'RE
QUITE A
GAL!



SHE'S
HEADED
FOR THE
ROOF!

THEN WE'VE
GOT HER UN-
LESS SHE'S
WEARING
WINGS!



CORNERED, THE GIRL MOVES
LIGHTLY TO THE EDGE
OF THE ROOF!

NOW
WHAT?

SHE'S
GOING
TO
JUMP!

YOU
GUESSED
IT!



THEN DIVES SMOOTHLY OUT
INTO SPACE...



DON'T
YOU
FOOL!

SO LONG
PAL!

BUT THE CAT WOMAN HAS NO
INTENTION OF COMMITTING
SUICIDE...

I'LL
BE--

A FEMALE ACROBAT
EH? YOU TRY TO
HEAD HER OFF BY
THE STAIRS BUCKY,
I'M GOING TO FOLLOW
HER DOWN!



RIGHT!

AND AS BUCKY FOLLOWS HIS INSTRUCTIONS-CAPTAIN AMERICA LEAPS FOR THE FLAG POLE...



DIDN'T THINK I'D FOLLOW, DID YOU?

YOU!!

-AND MAKES IT!

IT DOESN'T MATTER! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

CONFIDENT LITTLE GAL-AREN'T YOU?



SO LONG!

MISSED HER? WELL, THERE'S STILL BUCKY. HE'LL SETTLE HER HASH!

SHE GAVE CAP THE SLIP AND NOW SHE'S HEADED FOR THAT CAR! I'VE GOT TO STOP HER!



AND BUCKY

IN HIS HASTE TO CATCH THE GIRL HE FAILS TO SEE THE ONCOMING FIGURE...



SHE'S GETTING AWAY? OOPH!

HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

SORRY, FRIEND! I'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT GIRL! WHAT THE?

OH! A MASHER EH? I'VE GOT A CURE FOR THOSE!





AND I'VE GOT A CURE FOR FOOLS! LET ME HANDLE THIS KID!

ALLRIGHT PAL! DON'T GET SORE! I DIDN'T MEAN NUTTIN'!



AS THE APOLOGETIC BULLY GOES HIS WAY!

THAT CLOWN! HE MADE US MISS OUR QUARRY!

SAY! I WONDER IF THAT WAS DELIBERATE! LET'S FOLLOW HIM! THERE'S TOO MUCH COINCIDENCE HERE TO SUIT ME!

KEEPING TO THE BACKGROUND, THE DUO SEES THE THUG HAIL A CRUISING CAB...



IF YOU ASK ME WE'RE WASTING TIME



MAYBE, KID! BUT I'VE A HUNCH THAT THE GIRL'S DASH FOR THE CAR AND OUR FRIEND'S TIMELY BLOCKING WAS NO ACCIDENT!

...AND AS IT PULLS OUT- CATCHES A RIDE FROM BEHIND.



YOU MAY BE RIGHT!

IF I AM- HE'S ON THE WAY TO JOIN HER!

SOME MINUTES LATER, THE CAR STOPS AND THEIR QUARRY ALIGHTS IN FRONT OF A SMALL BUILDING...



NOW WHAT CAP?

QUIET, KID!



OKAY BUCKY, LET'S GO!

SHOOT! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU CAP!

MOMENTS LATER...

EVERYTHING OKAY? THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING?

NOT THEM! THEY STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

ARE THEY IN FOR A SURPRISE? GET SET KID-WE ARE GOING IN!

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY STRIKE!

WE'LL DIVIDE THE CASH AND...

A LITTLE PREMATURE AREN'T YOU?

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! TAKE 'EM BOYS!

WAHOO!

CAP AND BUCKY WADE INTO THE MOBSTERS

YOU MUGS BETTER BEG OFF! THERE ARE THREE STRIKES ON YOU NOW!

I OWE YOU THIS FROM OUR LAST MEETING!

THIEVES AND THEIR
FREEDOM ARE SOON
PARTED! YOU TWO
WILL WIND UP IN
THE JUG!



THE SPINE-
LESS WEAK-
LINGS! IF
THEY CAN'T
KILL THEM,
I WILL!

DRAWING A
KNIFE, THE GIRL
HURLS IT AT
CAPTAIN AMER-
ICA'S BACK!

WHAT'S
YOUR
HURRY, MY
FINE FEATH-
ERED FRIEND?
WHA---

LEMME
OUT! I'VE
HAD
ENOUGH!

CAP! CAP!
LOOK OUT!



MADDENED
WITH FURY- THE
CAT WOMAN...

MEDDLERS!
YOU'VE BLOCK-
ED ME AT
EVERY TURN,
BUT I'LL TAKE
THE FINAL
ROUND

OH NO!
THIS IS
THE FINAL
ROUND
AND WE'RE
TAKING
IT!

IF SHE THINKS
SHE'S GETTING
AWAY WITH THIS...

SHE
SCOOPS
UP THE
LOOT
AND
FLEES!



SO LONG BOYS!
I'LL BE SEEING
YOU!

WARNED BY BUCKY'S SHOUT,
CAP ACCIDENTLY WHIRLS
THE THUG INTO THE PATH OF
THE KNIFE...



AGHHH!

BUT AS THE DUO LEAPS IN TO
HEAD OFF THE RAGING GIRL---

HEY!

YOU'RE WRONG
PAL! YOU'RE
TAKING THIS!



AS CAP AND BUCKY REGAIN THEIR FEET--- THEY HEAR---

SHE'S GOT A CAR! SHE'S GETTING AWAY!

NOT THIS TIME, THE WINDOW, KID, QUICK!

MADE IT! NOW WHAT?

WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THAT MURDERING FEMALE-KID! WE CAN SLIP ONTO THE RUNNING BOARD! LET'S TRY IT!

CAP AND BUCKY SUCCEED IN MAKING THE RUNNING BOARD....

OKAY LADY! YOUR LITTLE GAME IS UP! YOU'VE HAD YOUR FLIN AND NOW IT'S TIME TO PAY!

NO! I WON'T LET YOU TAKE ME, NEVER!

CAP! SHE'S GOING TO WRECK THE CAR, JUMP!!!

THE CAT WOMAN KNOWS FEAR AT LAST! TWISTING THE WHEEL OF THE CAR....

LATER

EEEEEEEE!

IT'S TOO BAD SHE HAD TO GO OUT LIKE THAT-BUT SHE WAS ASKING FOR IT!

THAT'S RIGHT KID, AND SHE GOT IT! HEY! IT'S ALMOST DAY BREAK, WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO CAMP, BUT FAST!

The End